THE WANDERING JEW:

OR, THE

SHOEMAKER of JERUSALEM.

To which is added,

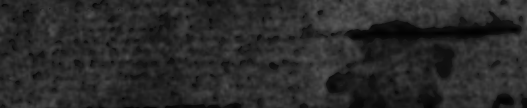
ANNA's favourite SONG.

Penrith: Printed by Anthony Soulby.

THE WANDERING JEW

OR

The Shoemaker of Jerusalem.



WHEN as in fair Jerusalem,
Our Saviour Christ did live:
And for the sins of all the world,
His own dear life did give:
The wicked Jews with scoffs and scorns,
Did daily him molest;
That never till he left his life,
Our Saviour could have rest.

CHORUS.

Repent therefore, Old England,
Repent while you have space,
And do not like the wicked Jews,
Despise God's proffer'd grace.

When they had crown'd his head with thorns,
And scorn'd him with disgrace,
In scornful sort they led him forth
Unto his dying place.
There thousands in the streets
Did see him pass along;
Yet not one gentle heart was there,
Who pitied his wrong.

Repent, &c.

Both old and young reviled him,
As through the streets he went;
And nothing found but churlish usage,
By every one's consent.
His own dear cross he bore himself,
A burthen far too great;
Which caus'd him in the streets to faint
With blood and water sweat.

Repent, &c.

Being weary, thus he sought for rest,
For to ease his burthen'd soul,
Upon a stone, the which a wretch
Did churlishly controul,
And said, away thou King of Jews,
You shall not rest you here;
Pass on, your execution place,
You see now draweth near.

Repent, &c.

And there upon he thrust him thence,
At which our Saviour said,

I here will have left, that soon shall walk
And have no journey stay'd
With that this cursed Judas took
For offering Christ this wrong
Left wife and children, house and all,
And went from thence along.

Repent, &c.

So when he had the precious blood
Of Jesus Christ thus shed,
And to the cross his body nail'd,
Away with speed he fled,
Without returning back again,
Unto his dwelling place,
And wandereth up and down the world,
A renegade most base.

Repent, &c.

No resting could he find at all,
Nor ease nor heart's content,
Nor house, nor home, nor dwelling place,
But wandering forth he went,
From town to town in foreign lands,
With grieved conscience still,
Repenting for the heinous guilt
Of his forepassed ill.

Repent,

Thus after some ages past,
With wandering up and down,
He once again desired to see
Jerusalem's fair town.

But finding it was quite destroyd,
He wander'd full of woe,
Our Saviour's words which he had spoke,
To verify and shew.

Repeat, &c.

I'll rest, said he, but thou shalt walk,
So doth the Wandering JEW,
From place to place, but cannot stay,
For seeing countries new.
Declaring still the power of him,
Where'er he comes or goes,
And all things done in the East,
Since Christ's death he shews.

Repeat, &c.

The world he still doth compass round,
And sees those countries strange,
Who hearing of the name of Christ,
Their idol Gods do change.
To whom he hath told wonderous things,
Of time fore past and gone,
And to the princes of the world,
Declar'd his cause of moan.

Repeat, &c.

Desiring still to be dissolv'd,
And yield his mortal breath;
But as the Lord hath declar'd,
He must not yet see death.
For neither looks he young nor old,
But as he did those times,

When Christ did suffer on the cross,
For mortal sinners crimes,
Repent, &c.

He passed many foreign lands,
Arabia, Egypt, Africa,
Greece, Syria, and Great Thrace,
And quite through Hungaria,
Where Paul and Peter preached Christ,
Those blest apostles dear,
Where he hath told our Saviour's words,
In countries far and near.
Repent, &c.

And lately in Bohemia,
With many a German town,
And now in Flanders as 'tis thought,
He wandereth up and down.
Where learned men with him confer,
Of those his lingering days,
And wonder much to hear him tell
His journies and his ways.
Repent, &c.

If people give this Jew an alms,
The most that he will take,
Is not above a groat a day,
Which he for Jesus sake,
Doth kindly give unto the poor,
And therefore makes no spares
Affirming still that Jesus Christ,
Repent, &

He was not seen to laugh or smile,
But weep and make great moan.
Lamenting still his miseries,
And days far spent and gone.
If he hears any one blaspheme,
Or take God's name in vain,
He tells them that they crucify
Our Saviour Christ again.

Repent, &c.

If thou hadst seen grim death, said he,
As these my eyes have done,
Ten thousand thousand times would'st thou,
His torments think upon.
And suffer for his sake all pains,
All torments and all woes;
These are his words, and this his life,
Whene'er he comes or goes.

Repent therefore, Old England,
Repent while you have space,
And do not like the wicked Jews,
Despise God's proffer'd grace.

A N N A.

SHEPHERDS I have loft my love.
Have you feen my Anna?
Pride of ev'ry fhady grove,
Upon the banks of Banna.

I, for her, my home forfook,
Near yon milky mountain,
Left my flock, my pipe, my crook,
Green-wood fhade, and fountain.

Never fhall I fee them more,
Until at her returning;
All the joys of life are o'er,
From gladneſs changed to mourning.

Whither is my charmer flown?
Shepherds tell me whither!
Ah! woe is me, perhaps ſhe's gone
For ever, and for ever.